our God who spoke by him, for he touched the hearts even of the rebellious, so that they murmured and complained no more. And when at last he proclaimed to the multitude that no erring man, but the Lord God himself, would be our captain; when he described the beauty of the promised land, whose gates he would open be-fore us and where we should dwell as free and happy men, released from all bondage, owing no obedi-ence to any but to the God of our fathers and those whom we may choose for our leaders, it was as though every man there was drunk with new wine, and as if the way that lay before them, instead of a barren track across the desert into the unknown, led to a great feast spread for them by the Most High Himself. Nay, and even those who had not heard Aaron's words were likewise filled with marvelous confidence, and men and women were all more cheerful and noisy hearts overflowed with pure thank ulness. It even seized the old folks. Old Elishama, the father of Nun, who is 100 years old, and as you know has long sat bent and silent in his seat, rose up with a light in his eyes and spoke fiery words. The spirit of the Lord had come upon him as upon us all.

"I felt myself quite young again in body and soul, and as I passed by the certs which were made ready for their departing I saw Elishaha with her babe in a litter. I saw Elisheba with her babe in a litter, and she looked as happy as on the day of her marriage, and pressed her infant to her heart and blessed his lot in growing up in the Promised Land and free. And her hus-band, Deuel, who had blasphemed the loud-est, swung his staff and kissed his wife and child with tears of joy in his eyes, and shouted for joy like a vintager at the pressing when jars and wine skins are too small to hold the blessing. The old woman, too, Graveyard Keziah, who had torn herself away from the tombs of her race, sat with other feeble folk in a chariot, and waved her veil and joined in the hymn of praise

grief or for over joy at seeing the multitude of those we loved so glad and full of hope. Thus it came to pass. "Pitch torches were carried in front of the multitude, seeming to light it up more brightly than the great blaze of lamps which the Egyptians light up at the gates of the temple to Neith, and it was not till they were swallowed up in the darkness that we set forth, so as not to keep Asser too long behind the rest. As we made our way through the night the streets were full of the mourning cry of the citizens, but we sang softly the hymn of the sons of Korah and great joy and peace fell upon us, for we knew that the Lord our God would keep and lead His people."

which Elkanah and Abiasaph, the sons of Korah, had begun. And thus they set

forth. We who were left behind fell into each other's arms, and knew not whether

the tears we shed flowed from our eyes for

the girl, who had hearkened to him with eager eyes, drew closer to each other, and without any word between them they both together began the hymn of praise, and the old woman's thin voice mingled with pathetic fervor with the harsh tones of the girl, ennobled as they were by lofty enthusi-

Joshua felt that it would be wicked to break in on this overflow of full hearts, but the old man presently bade them cease and looked up at his master's first born son with anxious inquiry in his grave features.

Had Joshua understood?

Had he made it plain to this warrior who

served Pharaoh how that the Lord God himself had ruled the souls of His people at

their departing.

Was he so tallen away from his own nation and their God, so led away by the Egyptians, that he would dare to defy the wishes and commands of his own father' Was he, in whom they had set the highest hopes, a deserter and lost to his own peo-

To these questions he might have no answer in words; but when Joshua took his horny old hand between his own and shook it as that of a friend, when he bade him farewell, his eyes glistening with moisture, and murmured, "You shall hear of me!" be felt that this was enough, and overcome by vehement joy he kissed the soldier's arm and clothing again and again. [TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.]

A TEST OF STEAM POWER.

An Apprentice Surprised by the Supposed

Result of His Experiment. A tinker's apprentice, who was of an inquiring turn of mind, was wont to improve the time which his master spent each day in an after-dinner nan, in making experiments of his own. One day he thought to test the power of steam, and so filling the tea kettle partly tall of water, he riveted the cover on tight and strong, and after plugging the nose with a cork stopple, placed a pane of glass in range and built a good fire, expecting to see the stopple pop out with sufficient force to break the glass. But things didn't work just as he planned. The stopple became swollen by the steam and did not pop, and the confined steam sought for liberty by blowing the kettle in pieces, breaking the glass, and making sad havor about the

Just then the wouth thought of the tinker who had been sleeping in the loft overhead and glanced upward. Now the apprentice did not know that the gentleman wore a wig, and when he saw him surveying the ruins from aloft with not a hair on his head, the culprit thought he had blown it all off, and finished up his experiment by fainting

THE BLESSINGS OF LABOR.

Why We Should Take Off Our Hate in Honor of Mother Eve. Alta California.

The human race has been saved by having to work. It digged its way out of its primeval pit by work. When it discovered its nakedness and had to be clothed, it worked for its raiment; when it appreciated the responsibilities of fatherhood to be the feeding and rearing of the young, it particularly lavish with the blossoms and worked under the impluse of an affection that was refined above; the instincts of the brute. The relation of busband and wife was made possible and proper only by the willingness to work that it might gather to it the necessaries of existence and finally be adorned by the promptings of intellectual as

well as physical wants.

If Mother Eve is responsible for all this we lift our hat to her and offer the sincerest respect to her great memory. She did more for mankind than Adam and all of his male

As One Dend.

I love thee as we love the loved who die, Blessing those days in which thy life had part, Forgiving thee their after-ache and smart, Forgetful of thy faults and frailty, Excusing in my thoughts what still must lie In mystery. Knowing the while, no art Of fate, of time can win my constant heart One answering thought from thine, one fair

The agonizing, hopeless, last farewell Solved from my soul was wailed above the

dead.

As such, thou art forgiven, and the spell
Of love idealizing round thee shed,
All memories unhallowed to dispel,
Till passion from my thoughts of thee hath
fied.

—Cora Davis in Inter Ocean.

It Astonished the Indiana. Christian Union.]

H. once told me how a party of Indians, fresh from the wilds, greeted their first view of a locomotive. They made no comment, and didn't even get up off the ground to examine it. But when a lineman walked up a telegraph pole, like a woodpecker up maple, they fell into paroxysms of enthusi-Simply one thing was within the range of their astonishment, and the other

A Learned Man's Mistake.

Seranton Truth. Edwin Arnold is a great correspondent as weil as a famous poet. In one of his recent letters to the London Telegraph he located Philadelphia in New Jersey. This, we presume, must be accepted as a poetic li-

HOW COTTON GROWS.

Some Facts About the Procedure on a Southern Plantation.

PREPARING THE LAND FOR SEED. Picturesque Scenes During the Cotton-Picking Season.

THE NATION'S VAST COTTON FIELD

PURITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. Enter one of the great drygoods emporiums of the city of Pittsburg and one beholds immense stacks of beautiful prints in every shade and pattern, snow-white bolts of bleaching, brown domestics and sheetings of every width up to twelve quarters. To the visitor these goods, in their present com-plete and finished state, are not at all suggestive of the various transformations they have undergone from the time the tiny seed of the cotton plant were sown in the sunny fields of the South until the finished fabric is placed in the salesrooms in the Northern With the very beginning of the new year,

if the weather is pleasant, the labor on the plantation begins. The Christmas holidays last until Epiphany, or, as the darkies call it, "Old Christmas," after which fun and frolic ceases, hunting parties are hard to get together and shooting matches are thingsof the past. Only the young people keep up the festivities with an occasional party during the long winter evenings at some neigh-boring farm house, while the "older heads" sit by the huge log fires and, between whiffs at long-stem pipes and mugs of beaded cider, seriously discuss their plans for the successful cultivation of another cotton crop. First to be considered is the "compost," or fertilizer. To prepare this great piles, often containing thousands of loads of rich earth, swamp muck or woods mold are collected. This constitutes the absorbent to which an active principle in the form of lime, stable manure, or the seed from the last year's crop of cotton, is added. Some planters use all three as different fields require, besides commercial fertilizers. While part of the help are thus engaged others are removing the old growth of cotton stalks and running the plows. During bad weather, i. e., weather unfit for plowing and hauling, fences are repaired, gates strengthened, wood cut, lightwood collected, farming implements gotten ready, logs rolled and burned, new land grubbed, young mules broken in, and the thousand and one odd jobs about a plantation looked after.

For two months or more the work goes steadily on, then begin "laying off" the rows and distributing the manure, which is covered with one furrow of the turning plow as fast as distributed. When all the manure is spread the other furrows are thrown upon it, forming a finely prepared bed three feet and three inches wide all ready for the reception of the cotton seed. Between the 20th of April and the 10th of May the seed are sown. This is done with a "planter" drawn by one mule along the center of the prepared bed, opening the drill, evenly de-positing the seed therein and nicely cover-ing them at one operation—leaving the bed flat and smooth. Each "row" is thus treated, and when the field is finished it has the appearance of a nicely rolled garden. In ten days, with a shower of rain, the cotton will be up "from end to end."

CHOPPING OUT. Now for "chopping out" and securing a "stand," which is the most important part of the work. Every "hand" that can be mustered is put to work, and the plantation presents a scene of great activity, for the sooner this is accomplished the better for the crop. Plows go ahead and "scrape off" one side of each row; after every plow follow ten good "choppers" with sharp steel hoes blocking out the young plants to 14 inches spart, two to a hill. After the ten choppers come immediately two plows throwing the the cotton. Every row "chopped" during the day must have the down. If not, the next day may be rainy and the work is much more difficult—hence this rule. Ten good hands will "chop" ten acres per day, so in ten days they will go over 100 acres. Many planters work 50 of these hands, so vast fields are soon gone over and given the first working. This "first work-ing" over, satisfactorily, and the planter feels his crop comparatively safe. The same operation, however, must be repeated every ten days during the season, thoug each time there is less work for the hoesthe ploughing often being all that is necessary until the "laying by" of the crop the last of July. To no class of agriculturalists is the old

couplet "He who by the plow would thrive, Himself must either hold or drive,"

more applicable than to the cotton planter. ced he must indeed be a "hustler. Of all crops the cotton crop is the most capricious. Like Fortune, it is very uncertain. And Ceres undoubtedly fails to give it the attention she does other crops — thereby requiring greater exertion on the part of man. It seems to meet with innumerable set backs, and often when the hopes of the planter are brightest, a few days' unfavorable weather will almost blast his prospects. It is a very tender plant and easily injured. The cold, the wet, the red anta, the boll worm, the army worm, and the caterpillars are a few of its enemies. It thrives best in hot, dry weather—when every other plant is parched and withering it remains green and flourish-

When the land is in a high state of cultivation and the seasons are propitions, it is the most beautiful of crops. Nothing in agriculture is lovelier than a field of luxuriant cotton in full bloom. The blossoms begin to appear about the middle of June (in the Guli States earlier), and continue to open until frost. August and September are send them forth by untold millions every morning. The bloom is very short lived The first day it bursts forth a delicate creamy white, the next morning it has changed to a beautiful red, the third, it falls to the ground, and the tiny boll, con-taining the cotton, is seen. But the fallen flowers are not missed, for before the red ones drop from the parent stem other white ones have opened on different parts of the plant—so the field continues to present its wealth of color. Take a piece of green velvet and paint it full of bell-shaped white and red flowers and you will have a minia-

OUR COTTON FIELD.

The cotton field is a vast one, stretching from Virginia to Florida and from Tennesse to Texas. Millions of acres are devoted to its culture and millions of marketable bales are annually produced. It is by far the most important crop of the South, and in ante-beilum times was called 'King Cotton." When this is considered one wonders why the leaders of the Confederacy did not adopt the cotton field as an ensign instead of the "stars and bars." It would bave been more suggestive, more appropriate and more inspiring. A green field with white

and red stars scattered over it would not have made an unsightly flag.

Life on a plantation, while greatly taxing one's powers of endurance and frequently diminishing his stock of patience, still has charms and enjoyments peculiarly its own. Many phases of human nature can here be studied to advantage—the serious, the Indi-crous, the energetic, the indoient, the trust-worthy and the unreliable; while the character and disposition of the negro are here displayed fuller, and his good and bad traits more quickly recognized and understood than elsewhere or under other circumstances. With 30 years' association with them, first as slaves and then as freemen, the writer The stream stril sings, which shall be glee

Burst irrepressible from brake and tree,
And myriad cancing wings ebb to and fro.
Her stars of evening in their order bloom
Alike to dreaming eyes and sleepless souls;
And, still inviolate through glow and gloom,
She holds impervious to her seasons goals:
Yet those who will may lean against her knee,
And grow serene through her serenity.

—The Spectator. feels that he has had abundant opportunities to learn their natures, and is espable of expressing an opinion to this

effect; their good qualities greatly over-balance the bad. Before the war the quarters for the slaves were built near together, like houses in a small village. These have mostly disap-

peared, and tenement houses have taken their place, which are erected at different points on the outskirts of the forest adjoin-ing the cotton fields that the laborers may have chickens, pigs and sometimes a cow, without mixing with those of other tenants. At sunrise the plantation bell rings for work, and the darkies can be seen coming in every direction to the "toolhouse" for implements and instructions for the day's labor. Sometimes a half dozen bells can be heard instructions at this boar. ringing on as many plantations at this hour calling the laborers together. No human being on the face of the earth is happier than a plantation darkey. And if he is to plow a young mule he scarcely waits for the bell to ring, but comes skipping and sing-ing to his task. He startles the lark from her dewy nest with his song and as she soars aloft on quivering wing to kiss the first beams of the rising sun, caroling her notes of praise for another joyous day to be spent in flitting from field to field, she is no happier than the humble negro above whom she flies and whose melody will rival hers through the long, warm ours, though

SPENT IN TOIL. The colored people take to the cotton field as naturally as a duck to the water. They seem to evince more interest in its cultivation than any other crop, and when the crops are "pitched" they are not satisfied unless the usual number of acres for cotton and two-horse fellows are often "in the grass." Don't ask a darkey to go where there aren't other darkies-it's no use. In speaking of it afterward he'll say: ' want'er gwine 'mong dem po' white trash, no sah !" Perhaps the most picturesque scene pre-sented by the cotton field during the year is

"cotton picking." In the early morning the pickers assemble at the ginhouse where the pickers assemble at the pinhouse where baskets and sacks are given them in which to pick the cotton. These they place upon their heads and start for the field, where they remain all day long gathering the snowy staple. Staid old sunties dressed in cheap, plain gowns with their heads encased in blood-red handkerchiels, tottering old men whose woolly scalps have been whitened by 60 winters, mothers of families not yet past 30, with their husbands, robust young men and buxom girls just budding into womanhood, half-grown boys and even children beginning to work in the cotton field. Little fellows not half as high as the cotton plant will run along ahead of their mothers and pick the open balls from the lower branches until fatigued, then crawl in a huge, partly filled basket at the end of the row and go to sleep like a tired kitten. Nor do they leave the fields at noon, but gather along the pathways to eat the midday meal. It over, then immediately back to work, which is continued until the sun is sinking low in the west. Now the wagons come rattling through the roadways after the filled baskets—the drivers cracking their whips and shouting at the mules. The evening shadows are creeping over the landscape, and the tired pickers collect the sacks and baskets, for the day's work is o'er. The wagons, loaded with baskets sev-eral tiers high, start for the ginhouse, the long line of pickers of every age following behind. With many a "gee," "haw," "back" and "go'long" the wagons are at last gotten under the erane at the ginhouse door and the baskets lifted up in the house and weighed. When all are weighed and each picker properly credited with the number of pounds picked, the darkies disperse to their different homes. It is amusing to hear them different homes. It is amusing to hear them chatter on the way about the weights: "Tildy picked five pounds mo' in John," one will exclaim; and "Milly got ten pounds mo' in Rosella," another will say. "Dat gal worked ter-day, she did! She didn't play none, I teil you!" And away they will go, happy, light-hearted creatures, laughing and calling to each other until the sound of their voices is lost in the distance and their their voices is lost in the distance and their sable forms disappear in the deepening gloom. As soon as the ginhouse is filled with cotton from the fields four good mules are geared to the gin (some planters use are geared to the gin (some planters use steam power) and ginning the cotton commences. To do this the seed cotton is placed in a hopper, or "feeder," above the gin, a set of revolving cylinders are gradual that the mariner can find soundo the saws of the gin, which separates the seed from the lint or staple. The seed falls o the floor in front of the machine, while the lint passes through a condenser at the rea, and comes out in the form of batting, which is taken by hand as fast as it falls rom the condenser and thrown in the press.

Fifteen hundred pounds of seed cotton are allowed to the bale, then the press is run

down, the bagging and ties placed around the bale, the bale taken out and "headed

up," and, after being weighed (it should weigh 500 pounds), the planter's name and

that of his commission merchant are marked upon it, and it is ready for shipment. If

the crop is good each acre will yield one of these 500 pound bales, which is worth in

market from 814 to 10c per pound. Pick-ing and ginning continue till the last of December, and often the fields are white

with the uppicked cotton late in January.

THE FIRST HAMLET IN NEW YORK.

Early Production of Shakespeare's Master

piece on the American Stage.

"Hamlet" was first presented in the city

of New York on the evening of the 26th of

November, 1761, and at "The New Theater

in Chappel street"-now Beekman street-

Philadelphia, in the autumn of 1759), play-

ing the titular part. Hallam was a versatile

ctor, who was on the stage in this country

for over 50 years, and always popular. Concerning his Hamlet very little is now known, except the curious statement in the Memoirs of Alexander Graydon, published in 1811, that Hallam once ventured

to appear as Hamlet in London-"and was endured!" He was the acknowledged lead

ing tragedian of the New York stage until his retirement in 1806, and he is known to

have played Hamlet as late as 1797, when he

must have been close upon 60 years of age.
Mr. Ireland is of the impression that John
Hodgkinson, a cotemporary of Hallam's,
who appeared as Hamlet in Charleston, S.

C., early in the present century, concede

led by Mr. Moreton at the theater on

Greenwich street in the summer of the same

year, as he had played the Ghost to More-ton's Hamlet in Baltimore a short time be-

fore. William Dunlap speaks in the high-est terms of Cooper's Hamlet, and John Bernard ranks it with the Hamlet of John

Love's Eyes.

Love is blind, the story goes—
Blind to imperfection:
Can it be the gods are foes,
Would they hide from love the rose,
Pave the way for bitter woes,
Mock each fond selection?

With each prayer for heaven to hear, Saying only, "Love me." -Mac D. Frazar in Somerville Journal.

The Calm of Nature.

Our heart's quick heritage of sympathy; What though we laugh? her days sob by; and

she
Smiles no return to love's transcendent throe.
What though we weep? the winds their Panpipes blow,
The stream still sings, wild woodland notes of

The heart of nature doth not feel or know

Rather say that love sees clear-

Clear as only gods see; Pardons faults without a fear, Sees the ill, and drops a tear

Philip Kemble himself.

surence Bulton in November Harpers.]

W. COTTEN DOWNING

him, in the first place, and not me."

The Governor General's annoyance and a stranger this humiliating snub were so visible that of course I dropped the subject, rin, a set of revolving cylinders convey it in English, the chief civil authority was not ex officio Commander-in-Chief.

> was refused permission to go alone at my own risk, so my proposed journey was doubly impossible. At the time the Gen-eral had not five men "disponibles" there were, of course, ten times that number kicking their heels in the barracks. The Governor General had promised the escort, therefore the General refused it. That was the only and the universal explanation offered me. And it was the true one.

in Chappel street"—now Beekman street— near Nassau, the younger Lewis Hallam, munity, though it be a boon to the com-munity, though it be the opening up of the the original Hamlet in America (at

CRUSHING THE COLONISTS.

crops and its minerals in your face, and al-Hallam's rights to the character in the metropolis, and never attempted it here.

The first Hamlet in New York in point of quality, and perhaps the second in point of time, was that of Thomas Abthorpe Cooper,

"Magasins Generaux" at Haiphong, quality, and perhaps the second in point of time, was that of Thomas Abthorpe Cooper, who played the part at the John Street

who played the part at the John Street a monopoly of custom house examina-Theater on the 22d of November, 1797, al-though Mr. Ireland believes that be was on the wharves of one firm, to whom and whose terms everybody must come. In vain the whole community protested and pro-tested. The monopoly was granted, and Chambers of Commerce of both Haiphong and Hanoi immediately and unanimously resigned, and the Chinese merchants have sent in a declaration that unless this additional restriction is removed they will leave in a body. And a single examplemy materials in all these instances are superbundant, it is only space that limits me to a single one—will show the practical evil of this monopoly. The storage of coal per ton per month costs (for comparison I employ French currency) at Hongkong (Kowloon Godowns), 20 centimes; at Shang-hai (Jardine, Matheson & Co.), 28 centimes; at Haiphong (Magasins Generaux), 4 francs! The last resolution of the Chambers of Commerce is truly pathetic. The Government consulted us, they say, and then took no notice whatever of all that we said. It is therefore useless to maintain an institution whose powers are purely illusory. Please

let us go. So much for the colonist and the Government impersonal. What is his attitude toward the personal Governor General? He sees him come, he watches him while he is learning the ab c of Tongking affairs, he reads a few official decrees, he hears a few official atter-dinner speeches, eulogizing France, Tongking, the Governor General and the colonist himself, and then some day a telegram comes and the colonial sees him go. The heads of the Colonial Government three death of the Colonial Section and Heavi noceed each other in Saigon and Hanoi

LIFE AT TONGKING. Society Divided Into Three Classes,

A PERPETUAL TRIANGULAR DUEL,

Each Mad at the other.

France's Oppression Toward Her Asiatic Colonista.

THE WORLD'S - MOST EXPENSIVE PORT

FROM OUR TRAVELING COMMISSIONER.]] Society in Tongking is sharply divided into three classes. And each of the three is at daggers drawn with the other two. They are the official, the military and the civilian-the Governor General, the Colonel and the colonists. To the official eye the military class is constantly endeavoring to usurp functions to which it has no right, and the civilians are an unreasonable body of incapable people, impossible to satisfy. The military class are furious against the Government, represented by the officials, are allotted to each tenant. Indeed those planters "raising" no cotton experience the greatest difficulties in obtaining help. The more cotton planted the easier to procure labor. The planter running from 10 to 20 plows can keep his crop clehn, while the one labor. The planter running from 10 to 20 plows can keep his crop clehn, while the one and two horse fellows are often "in the only means known to them—the sword. for their reduced numbers, and cling ed a free hand to "pacify" the country by the only means known to them—the sword. The civilian colonist, finally, detests the military, in the conviction that if he could only once get rid of nearly all of them the country would "pacify" itself fast enough by commerce and agriculture, which it will never do so long as it is a happy hunting ground for crosses and promotions. And how can he feel either respect or sympathy for the Governors who come and go like the leaves on the trees, and who must needs hold the kelm in Hanoi with their eyes fixed on the Quai d'Orsay. Tongkinese society is a perpetual triangular duel.

I do not flatter myself for a moment that

> to give a few of the experiences upon which it is based. The first person with whom I had any conversation after setting foot in Tongking was a well-informed, intelligent ourgeois who had passed six years there began by saying I was sorry to hear of the in the interior, 100 men having been lost in "He'll get there, all the same," he re-plied, speaking of the officer in command. "He wants his third star, and what does he care if it costs him 500 men. He'll get it,

the foregoing will be believed as a calm statement of fact. Let me therefore hasten

There is the civilian's view of the military. Now for the functionary's view, and I should not tell this story if M. Richaud's terrible death—let me throw a word of grati-tude and respect over toward his "yeat and wandering grave"-had not untied my

When I was at Hanoi I asked him, on the trength of my official letter, for an escort of

a few men to accompany me to a place one day's march into the interior. "Certainly," he replied, "with pleasure. They shall be ready the day after to-mor-

row."
The same evening I was dining with him The same evening I was dining with him and when I entered the drawing room he took me one side and said, "By the way, about that escort, I am exceedingly annoyed, but it is impossible." And answering my look of surprise, for my official letter had been given for the very purpose of making such facilities certain, he continued: "The General replies that he has not five men of whom he can dispress at the monerate il a second whom he can dispose at the moment-il n's pas cing hommes disponibles en ce moment. Frankly, you know, you should have asked

embarrassment at having to acknowledge to

He saw the point instantly and replied,
"Yes, that is my title, too," and after a
pause, "but I delegate my powers—seulement, je delegue mes pouvoirs!"

After thus being refused an escort, I was
was refused permission to go sleeped to ye

To pass on again to the civilian colonist, Half way up the river between Haiphong and Hanoi I noticed heaps of fresh mud lying along the bank. "Then you have been dredging, after all," I asked. "Hush." was the reply, "we have been doing a little of it at night, because the administration would not allow us to do it openly, and we stuck here every day."
Why not? Heaven only knows. It is simply incredible, and therefore I will not waste my words in telling what "l'Admin-istration" denies. They should take for their motto Maphistopheles' words to Faust,

"I am the spirit that denies." Whatever country so enthusiastically toasted, the authorities are absolutely certain to refuse your request. This is no joke—if you think so, stop the first man, not a "functionary," you meet in the street in Haiphong and ask

It is almost as easy to get into Parliament in London as to get a concession of land for any purpose whatever in Tongking, al-though the whole vast country is on public offer, although the land almost throws its though the inhabitants are "pirates" by thousands simply and solely for the em-ployment and sustenance which welcomed capital and encouraged enterprise alone can furnish. If the Government of Tongking were administering a hostile province which

like the figures of a shadow pantomime; the long procession has not haited for 20 years.

M. Richaud boasted to me with a laugh that he was tolerated longer than any of his predecessors. His term of office, was 13 months! Before the Governor General comes he is unknown; while in the East even his public speeches are addressed to Paris; he returns and is forgotten. It is the merest larce of supervision, and what wonder that the colonist sinks deeper year by year in disgust and despair. He has described himself in a bitter epigram: "Le colon est un pretexte a banquets." Instascribed himself in a bitter epigram: "Le colon est un pretexte a banquets." Instability is the dominant characteristic of French administration in the East. Does anybody seriously believe that the solid foundations of future prosperity can ever be laid in this shifting quicksand?

PROHIBITIVE WHARFAGE. But the shadows on the picture are not vet complete. First, as to the Chinese Nobody dislikes the Chinese more than do, and nobody can advocate more strongly than I the absolute necessity of keeping them out of a civilized settled country. But it is as plain as the nose on one's face that no colony in the Far East can dispense with them. Their labor, their easy and willing adaptability to any job which money can be carned, from nursing the baby to driving the steam engine; their commer-cial insight and reliability—these make them an ideal substratum for a new commu-nity. Yet Tongking taxes them till they are giving up their established businesses, and puts a price on the head of each as he

comes and again as be goes.
Second, the port charges. Take the little steamer I returned in, the Freyr, 676 tons, from Randers in Jutland. At the port of from Randers in Jutland. At the port of Newcastle she paid £4; at Nagasaki \$70; at Yokohama \$50; at Hongkong \$4; while to get in and out of the port of Haiphong costs her every trip \$302 40. And this, too, is only the ship's charges, pure and simple. The charterer must pay \$1 50 wharfage for every ton of cargo landed—say \$750 for an average cargo. Thus at a port where common sense would tell that trade should be tempted and nursed in every possible way. tempted and nursed in every possible way, they begin by making trade all but impossi-ble. There can hardly be a more needy port in the world than Haiphong, yet it is doubtful if there is a more expensive one. The consequences are obvious. A year and a hall ago there were six steamers plying from Hongkong; to-day there are three. Last of all come the enormous customs duties of the ridiculous "Tarif general."

These need no specifying. Saigon has given protection a good trial. What is the position of Saigon now? A critical, if not a hopeless one. And she has discovered that only one thing can save her. The unanimous report of the Chamber of Commerce, published in August last, concludes with these words in big type: "We demand the absolute abolition of the customs regime in Cochin-China from January 1, 1889." France has gained nothing (figures show this indisputably) and will gain nothing by her "Tarif gen-eral," while she will lose her colonies through it by and by. Yet is there the faintest shadow of a coming change? On the contrary. In one of the last public speeches he made, at a banquet in Hanoi, M. Richaud exclaimed: "Renounce the chimerical hope of the return of absolute commercial liberty!" The subsidized newspaper adds that this was followed by a "triple salve d'ap-plaudissements." I do not believe it. Or, if it is true, then the colonists of Hanoi should be rejused Christian burial, for they are sui

Sufficient for the Tongking of to-day is the evil thereof. HENRY NORMAN. AMONG PLOODED FORESTS.

Strange Scenes in the Wet Country Border ing on the Amazon River. Youth's Companion.]

The coast of South America, from the mouth of the River Amazon to that of the Orinoco, and even farther, a stretch of more than a thousand miles, must be a strange and dreary shore according to the account given by the author of "The Cruise of the Falcon." The silt, or mud, brought down by the great rivers has spread out into a strip of almost dry land, the most extensive of its kind in the world. It is difficult to and a vessel can drive ashore and be broken up by the heavy rollers on the shoals, though from her mast-head no land

To mariners thus wrecked poor is the prospect of escape in the boats. For if they are not swamped by the breakers and reach smoother water, they can go on for long leagues, the sea but very gradually shallowing, till there be but a few feet of water under them, and going further they will find vegetation indeed, but not land, for dense thickets of mangroves grow out into the sea, and in places forests of huge trees. But now the boat can go no further, nor can the men proceed on foot, for the mud unone venturing on it will sink wholly in it.

Indeed, it appears a hopeless land of slime and fever, quite unfitted for man, unless it be for the Tree-Indians, a low race of fish-eating savages that, like birds, build their homes among the branches of the flooded forests on the Gulf of Paria.

Introducing Modern Ideas. Syracuse Herald.]

Cornell is a progressive university. One of its professors has just been explaining to the students the philosophy of throwing a curved ball.

The Last Violet. Chill, sodden earth, and gloomy sky;
The sea in leaden languor stilled:
The wind—a lonely voice—went by,
And sobs its trembling cadence filled.

The wilding rose was stricken low, And autumn's glories burned no more; Of all the heirs the seasons know What proud one still its honors bore?

Not twilight primrose, making bright The heart of dusk, with mellow glow Nor fairest gentian's tender light— Last lingerer before the snow.

Yet was there life: and still caressed The fading day one chosen child; Tints of the year at morning blessed The late-born nursing of the wild.

What spell has soothed the day's despair?
A single blossom's lustrous hue
To mildness charms the autumn air,
Tranced in its gleam of vivid blue.

Nature's frail darling! Bright and brave Thy glance, though winter cloud the ye Tempests may darken, winds may rave, But smile, and seet the spring is here! -E. B. Carpenter in Providence Jour

You say when you meet me it seems to be
A fairer day and a fairer time;
That in my presence you seem to see
The poet's paradise set in rhyme;
That at my feet in the dust you'd how
If all that is could be made not so—
Why traly won's coming to love and You say that the touch of my hand now means

A great heart-throb and a blood glow rare; That the sight of my face makes the commo scenes
Of your pallid, colorless life seem fair;
That if I again were to breathe that yow
With me to the end of the world you'd go—
Why, truly, you're coming to love me now
As I loved you in the long ago.

You say that the sound of my voice to you Is sweetly stirring: it acts like wine,
And, with my glances, warms you through
And sets to nusic life's every line:
That I may have changed you, perforce, allow,
But you hope—you hope—that it is not so—
Why, truly, you're coming to love me now
As I loved you in the long ago.

—Kirke La Shelle in Chicago Times.

At sea are tossing ships; On shore are dreaming shells, And the waiting heart and loving lips, Biossoms and bridal bells,

At sea are sails agleam; On shore are longing eyes; And the far horizon's haunting dream' Of ships that sail the skies,

At sea are masts that rise
Like specters from the deep;
On shore are the ghosts of drowning cries
That cross the waves of sleep. At sea are wrecks astrand;
On shore are shells that mone,
Old anchors buried in barren sand
Bea mist and dreams alone.

NOTES ABOUT ART. SAVING THE BABIES. Mr. D. R. Walkiny's painting of two girls making preparations for dinner has been sold to a Pittsburg gentleman. Mr. Emil Formster has a still-life study on

Methods Used to Prevent Child-Torture in England.

PECULIARITIES OF BRITISH LAW.

Mother's Evidence Worthless as Against Her Husband.

HOW A NEW ACT OF PARLIAMENT WORKS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. 1 LONDON, October 14.-There was only one bill passed by Parliament during last session which really interests the public, and this was passed, not by a Cabinet Min-ister, not even by a Member of Parliament, but by the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, the founder of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. This act, giving fresh powers for the detection and punishment of child torture, was drafted by him, pushed Ly him, and to him belongs the honor and glory of victory. It so happened that I called to see Mr. Waugh at the Children's Shelter, in this city, on the very day that

of which the following is a brief summary
First—To "illtreat, neglect, abandon or expose" a child, is made an offense subject to a
fine, or to imprisonment up to two years.

Second—Child profection is raised to 1s years
for boys and 1s years for girls.

Third—Any person, not the parent, in charge
of a child is made liable for its maintenance.

Fourth—An ill-treated child may be handed
over to fresh guardians, the cruei parent being
held liable for its maintenance—thus giving the
police courts the same powers as regards poor
children as the Court of Chancery possess for
rich. rich.
Fifth-Not the child beggar, but the person who induces it to beg, will in future be held

who induces it to beg, will in future be held guilty.

Sixth—Child-hawking in the streets is absolutely probibited between the hours of 10 at night and 5 in the morning.

Seventh—No child under 10 may perform in a theater or circus except by special license, only granted to children over 8 years.

Eighth—Where it is suspected that a child is cruelly locked up a search warrant will be granted.

Ninth—The cath is abolished for children, and parents are allowed to give evidence against one another.

INHUMAN PARENTS.

Of course the sphere of action of the so ciety will be enormously increased by the above provisions, and Mr. Waugh confi-dently anticipates that they will leave but a very small loophole of escape to the in-human parent or guardian. No clause is of greater importance than the one last mentioned. In the original bill, the parents were to be "competent and compelable" witnesses against each other, but this was reduced in the House of Lords to "competent" merely.
"Six hundred children," says Mr.

Waugh, "die in London every year in the Waugh, "die in London every year in the presence of parents alone. No one being competent to give evidence, the Coroner returns a verdict of accidental death. If a father deliberately suffocated his baby before his wife's eyes, under the old law she was helpless. Not long ago a poor woman with a bruised and beaten baby appeared before one of the Magistrates. "My good woman," answered the Magistrate, "I can do nothing for you; there is no evidence but your own, and you are not a competent your own, and you are not a competent witness against your husband.' In blank despair the mother carried her baby straight rom Police Court to the Thames, and three herself into the river. They were luckly rescued, brought to our shelter, and after much persuasion the woman was induced to

clean and neat, and yet it is impossible not to feel profoundly depressed by the whole establishment. In the darkened nursery two babies lay asleep in their little cots. "This one," said my guide, "was picked up in a backyard, where it had no one to take care of it, and that one had had its little back scraped with an iron file." In another room the little girls were playing merrily together. The father of one, a thin slip of a child aged about 10, was in prison for beating her with a poker. "The father of that one," said Mr. Waugh, "used his child as a football," and there in a corner sat a poor little hunched-up mite gazing blankly before it; its head still blue and swollen with the blows, its little body, I was told, being simply a mass of bruises.

Further on, a sturdy, honest-faced little

chap was being dressed in clean clothes, in order to be sent down to the country for a few weeks' iresh sir, and Benjamin Waugh's dark, deep-set eyes blazed with righteous wrath as he related the peculiarly revolting circumstances of his discovery. It appeared the boy's father was a preacher on Isliugton Green, who, day after day, wept over lost souls, and exhorted his hearers to repentance. One evening, a few weeks back, an officer of the society accidentally met the boy shivering in the wet streets, and vainly attempting to sell some tracts. He explained that he did not dare go home till the tracts were sold, as, whenever he failed in his task, the preacher beat him, naked, with a knotted rope. "Well, my boy," said the officer, "if you will undertake to bear one beating more, I promise you it shall be the lust." He accompanied the child to the door, sent him in, and awaited the result. Soon angry words were heard, followed by the sound of a heavy blow and the boy's scream. The watchman rushed followed by the sound of a heavy blow and the boy's scream. The watchman rushed in in time to see the father's arm raised a second time. In one hand was a heavy whalebone whip, by the other he held the boy, stark naked, while the mother looked on helpless. It required but a few moments to summon a constable and give the man in charge; and next morning it was a special gratification to the society to see the exhorter to repentance condemned to six months' hard labor.

A PLEASANT JAIL. By a recent police regulation, waich re-joices the heart of Mr. Waugh, all children Shelter, in this city, on the very day that the new "Act for the better prevention of cruelty to children," was to receive the Royal assent of Queen Victoria. So our talk naturally turned on what had been accomplished, and Mr. Waugh was joyful at the result. "I am amazed and delighted at our success," he said: "it is more than I ever dared hope for, and all of the main points I have been laboring for have been won."

As until now American legislation has been distinctly ahead of us in England as regards children, while the new act places us in some respects ahead of America. Mr. Waugh was very anxious that I should convey to American readers some impressions of the changes effected by the new act, of which the following is a brief summarry First.—To "illiteat, neglect, ahandon or expose" a child, is made an offense subject to a ine, or to imprisonment up to two years.

Second—Child projection is raised to is years for boys and 16 years for girls.

Third—Any person, not the parent, in charge of a child is made liable for its maintenance.

Fourth—An ill-treated child may be handed over to fresh guardians, the cruei parent being

off!" And off he was, and it was only after two days' bunt that we captured him again." As a rule, the comfortable quarters, com-bined with the kind, motherly care of the matron and her daughter, both of whom are inspired with a real love of childhood, has

inspired with a real love of childhood, has a wonderful result even on the most hardened of little street arabs.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has aid committees in all parts of England, and employs some 40 detective officers to watch and report on cases. The following are instances of the sort of information which they have to act upon, sent to them by neighbors:

mation which they have to act upon, sent to them by neighbors:

"There are heard at a house near mine occasional cries and screams as of a distressed child. Most people say that there is no child there. One or two say that there is no child there. One or two say that they have occasionally seen a small girl cleaning the door step. Now and then the moan is "Oh, my head, my head."

Or again: "I can hear through my kitchen wall smothered sounds of pleadings and moanings down in the corner on the floor, at the other side of the wall. It is my neighbor beating his little stepchild. I sometimes meet the child out; she has often black eyes and marks on her face. I have tried to speak to her but she evidently dare not apeak."

AN ENGLISH BABY FARM.

AN ENGLISH BABY FARM. AN ENGLISH BABT FARM.

And here is a nicture of a baby farm, as supplied by an officer: "In a room, 12 feet square, almost without furniture and with bare filthy boards, were found seven children, nearly naked and covered with filth, their ages (apparently) 5, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2 years, and 20 months. All were miserably stunted, one suffering from bronchitis, one from scalp complaint, and four from rickets. A witness described their legs as hanging like doll's legs'; the stench in the room made strong men ill. The four who were the weakest were found to be insured."

It is estisfactory to know that the man and

It is satisfactory to know that the man and woman were prosecuted by the society and sentenced to nine months and two years' hard labor respectively.

The clause of the new act which has ex-

sentenced to nice months and two years' herself into the river. They were lucklify rescued, brought to our shelter, and after much persuasion the woman was induced to return to her husband, on the understanding that one of our detective officers should take a room on the same staircase and watch the household. This was done, and a few weeks later we had the satisfaction of landing the father in jail.

"These women," added Mr. Waugh, "are so loyal to their husbands. 'I don't care what he does to me,' they will say, 'but can't stand seeing baby knocked about.

"As a rule, a mother is very seldom deliberately cruel to her own child. In the worst cases the society has to deal with, it is usually the father, the stepmother, or, most brutal of all, the baby-farmer, who is the prime offender. One fertile source of child-torture is the present system of child-insurance. By the new act an extra fine will be imposed in cases where it is proved that the child's life is insured. Ultimately I hope to make all child-insurance illegal, substituting a form of burial club, in which the club money will be handed over direct to the undertaker, thus precluding the possibility of the parent entertaining any pecuniary interest in the child's death."

TRE CHILDERN'S SHELTER.

Before leaving I naturally asked my informant to show me over the Children's Shelter, that I might see with my own eyes some of the little rescued victures. The Shelter is open day and night, and every child brought to the door is admitted, pedding inquiries. The rooms are made bright and homelike, with colored pictures and toys; the rows of little beds are scrupulously clean and neat, and yet it is impossible not to feel profoundly depressed by the whole establishment. In the darkened nursery two babies lay asleep in their little coits. "This one," and my guide, "was picked up in a backyard, where it had no one to take care of it, and that one had had its little back scraped with an iron file."

In another room the little girls were playing merrity togester. Th

VIRGINIA M. CHAWFORD. Easy Enough to See It.

Jacksonville Times-Union.]
"What is the matter here?" roared an Adams street man yesterday afternoon, passing through the open door of his residence

"PREDSTORIC NEWPORT" is the title of a patients of winding to ceard, and use in patients a colony of authoropoid ages in bathins costumes upon the beach, making love to each other, and going through all the inties that are supposed to be characteristic of visitors to the seaside in modern times. An excellent mezzotint, by William Sartaio, after the painting entitled "Symphony," by H. Siddons Mowbray, is shown at Gillespie's. There is also a fine etching, the work of Peter Moran, after H. W. Robbins' painting, "Where Lofty Elms Abound," Both of these works are new and of unusual excellence, the latter particularly is of a noble style of composition. MR. C. S. KILPATRICK has recently finished log the week at Mayer's. The work represents a number of urchins in school, one of whom, at the blackboard, seems to be in great doubt as to the sum of two and two. There is evidence of good composition in the arrangement of the figures, but the subject is one that it is hard to do justice to in pastel, and it would have been better rendered in oil. Mr. Ripatrick deserved credit for originality in his work, and also for arriving at something above the commonplace. He does not appear to have the fault common to so many young artists, of resting content with having achieved a moderate degree of success in a single line of work.

Mr. H. S. STEVENSON has a painting on exhibition at Boyd's which deserves notice as being one of the best works which that artist has yet produced. It is one of the studies made

view at Young's. The subject is a simple one, but it is very suggestive, consisting mainly of a glass of beer and a protect.

being one of the best works which that artistias yet produced. It is one of the studies made by him at Cidenau during the past summer, but, so far from being merely a sketch, it shows a degree of elaboration and finish of detail that is a marked improvement over his usual style of execution. The subject shows an open field, bounded by treex. The interest centers in the figures of a young couple recliming upon the grass in the shade of a fruit tree in the foreground. With the exception of this spot of shade the scene is bathed in sunlight; indeed, it is life and brightness which forms the keynote of the work. This is a very plessant pictora, of an effective style of composition and strong, and at the same time clean in color.

The present exhibition of American are

strong, and at the same time clean in color.

The present exhibition of American are products, which is being held at Memorial Hall, Philadelphia, is an indication that a popular interest is being awakened in this very important subject. A leading feature of the exhibit is the display made by the manufacturers of stained glass. This is becoming a most important industry, and it is one in which we are now turning out products of superior excellence. Prises are to be awarded, consisting of gold, silver and bronze medals, for the best artibits in three different classes in this industry, and a cash prize of \$200 for the best design for an ornamental window. The other most important exhibits will be in pottery, porcelain, terra-cotta, tiles, glassware, artistic metal work, etc., all of which must be entirely of American manufacture. There will also be medals awarded in the pottery and other allied industries.

A FINE painting by Julien Depres is now on

A FINE painting by Julian Depres is now on exhibition at the Gillespie gallery, where it is sure to attract the attention of all who appreciate fine art work. The subject represented is a scene in haymaking time, showing a field of new-mown hay. In the foreground are the figures of two women and a man, the latter drinking from a stone mug which has evidently just been handed him by one of the women, who still holds the earthenware vessel from which the beverage has been found. The three figures are good in drawing and life-like in action, and as regards color, the work is strong throughout. Beyond the figures a glimpse of distant meadows may be seen, but the isandscape is much subordicate to the interest which centers in the harvesters who are resting a moment from their toil. A great deal of technical skill is evidenced by the manner in which this work has been handled, particularly in the foreground, where the effect of loose, tangled hay has been electly rendered by a few free touches of the broah.

Of late years we have been accustomed to A FINE painting by Julian Depres is now on

OF late years we have been see

flatter ourselves that in the art of woo graving we could give some points to European nations; but now arises one, Linton, a celebrated English wood engrand says this is not so, and that our wood and says this is not so, and that our wood entated on the show any signs of beauty or fitness, or indicate that the engraver's possessed any brains or intelligence. This is really too bad. After thinking for some years past that we were stepping to the front in this particular branch of art, and producing the finest book illustrations that were exhibited anywhere in the world, and after making a showing at the Particular branch. Exposition that it would be difficult for any other nation to equal; after all this, to be told that our engravers are devoid of brains and intelligence hurts our vanity and makes us feel badly. Mr. Linton, with a deep penetration that is all his own, has also discovered that American engravers appear to have no perception of the forms of objects or the taxtures of different substances. ares of different substances. All this is news to most of ua and if it is true we he been laboring under a fond illusion. We he grown so used to the idea that we did he comething about this particular g in what Mr. Linton has said of us, but if pressed in far stronger language than the sion calls for. It will not do the least however, and may to the end be produce good, as any interest aroused in the may tend to the eradication of faults really exist. As regards the work of histration our engravers lead the work the wood cuts in our percedicals are my

ouse cleaning will ease it in part, so "If you can't be asy, be as asy as you can" Try a cake in your next house-cleaning.

SAPOLIO is a solid, handsome cake of house-cleaning soap, which has no equal for all scouring purposes except the laundry. To use it is to value it. What will SAPOLIO do? Why, it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the doors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen-sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it. Beware of imitations. There is but one SAPOLIO